

The Polish Review



Poland's Foreign Policy Outlined by Romer to National Council

Foreign Minister Tadeusz Romer in his first address to the Polish National Council outlined Poland's foreign policy as follows:

In submitting the Government's program to the National Council, Prime Minister Mikolajczyk declared: "We regard it as our first duty to carry on Gen. Sikorski's work."

"As Foreign Minister I wish most emphatically to support that declaration. I do this because we all know with what tireless zeal our late Prime Minister worked to establish and strengthen Poland's international position. I do this now because the hour of great military and political decisions is drawing near and I feel it my duty to declare that the fundamental interests of the Polish State remains the same and its basic features are unchangeable."

"Persons may change but our foreign policy must be assured of continuity, especially at a time when we are struggling for the restitution of Poland, of her rights which have been violated and of the place due her among the world's nations."

"The Treaty of Alliance of August 25, 1939 is the cornerstone of Anglo-Polish relations. Its conclusion fulfilled the expectation of the entire Polish nation and was—I must emphasize—the first international document binding on equal terms two of those nations which today are termed United Nations."

"It was not because she was attacked directly but it was in Poland's defence, as well as in performance of the obligations she has undertaken that Britain entered the war. Both sides have remained true to the alliance they concluded. Throughout the four years that have passed from the day when the treaty was signed, the British government remained our loyal friend and ally even under most difficult circumstances. I feel I am entitled to say that in proportion to what we could give we have not given little."

"Also in the sphere of politics we have never deviated from the letter or the spirit of the treaty binding us to Britain. It is our aim to transform our comradeship in arms conceived during this war into a lasting relationship of confidence and collaboration during the period of world post-war reconstruction."

"As the war progresses, the ever closer cooperation of the English-speaking peoples has drawn them ever nearer to one another. This is greeted with joy by all those nations who, whatever their mother-tongues, share their love for freedom."

"Today the United States of America have for the second time within two decades, entered the lists and are discharging what they themselves regard as their duty to

the utmost limits of their vast material power and overwhelming resources. We recall what the publication of the Wilson Fourteen Points meant to the Polish Nation during the last war."

"On his three visits to America Gen. Sikorski submitted to Wilson's successor, Pres. Roosevelt, the Polish viewpoint regarding the configuration of the postwar world and the matters affecting us directly. Today America is preparing at great expense of labor and effort to take up the position due her in establishing the order of the post-war world. Already by her Lend-Lease act she is assisting all the Allied nations and their armies by supplying raw materials and industrial goods from the vast resources at her disposal."

"We are especially grateful to the U. S. Government for enabling us with the help of that act to continue sending relief to our countrymen in Russia for a long period. We also appreciate deeply the part played by those Americans of Polish origin who either by joining the ranks of the U.S.A. forces or by working in war factories gave evidence of their patriotic devotion to their new mighty motherland and at the same time of their generosity towards Poland. They have proved they have not forgotten the country of their ancestors and thus rendered a great service to the cause of the Polish-American friendship."

"Speaking of our friends I must mention China. I myself was able to witness China's terrible plight under which she has been suffering two years longer than any European nation."

"I have greatest admiration for the heroism and spirit of sacrifice of that great people. We welcomed the union of all Frenchmen fighting for freedom as embodied in the formation of the French Committee of National Liberation which we recognized on July 22, 1942. Notes exchanged with the French Committee on that occasion confirm that our relations with that committee are a continuation of friendship and alliance which have always united Poland and France and which we never considered as interrupted. It is our earnest desire that France should occupy a new place due her in the European sphere, especially in her relations with Poland—a position won by her glorious past and her great political tradition."

"The region with which Poland's fate is most closely bound is Central Eastern Europe. We have frequently emphasized the necessity of organizing that region and we shall continue our efforts to achieve this end. We do not however propose to determine in advance and detail the exact form which such reorganization

should take. We only insist on the principle. It is our desire that the basis of the future cooperation should not be a negative but a positive factor and that various countries should unite not so much against someone as for something."

"The system we would suggest for binding together the neighboring or kindred nations into wider unions should be based on equality of rights, absolute freedom of individual decision. It is as we understand it, a most suitable method of carrying out the principles of democracy in international relations."

"We regard the joint declaration of the Polish and Czech Governments of 1940 and the subsequently detailed declaration of January 1, 1942, as the first fundamental move towards the realization of our program outlined above. We regard this declaration up to this moment as the binding expression of our policy."

"In his expose of July 27, Prime Minister Mikolajczyk stated categorically that the assertion that the plan for a federation of Central Eastern Europe showed a tendency to establish a cordon sanitaire along the Soviet frontiers has no foundation whatsoever. What I have said just now as to the real basis for the organization of that region should suffice to dispel any unfounded fears that may arise and to silence all malicious insinuations."

"I must remind you that Poland, as the only state in Central Eastern Europe among the United Nations that has direct frontiers with Russia is more interested, if only for that very reason, in maintaining correct and friendly relations with her mighty neighbor. The problem of Polish-Soviet relations is one of great complexity and frequently subject to loose erroneous conjecture, nevertheless I feel entitled to state that our attitude towards Soviet Russia is quite simple."

"We look forward, not backward, and we fully realize that any break in the harmony of the United Nations cannot but harm this cause. We do not wish to minimize in any way the position due the Soviet Union in the post-war world organization on account of the magnitude of its contribution, vastness of its territory and number of its population."

"We desire a full and just understanding with Soviet Russia based on complete loyalty and recognition of mutual rights to independence and we look for reestablishment of normal relations with the Soviet Union along these lines, not only for collaboration during the war and solidarity in the Allied camp but also for peaceful neighborly cooperation between Poland and Russia in the future."

"In view of the fundamental

obligations which every state owes its citizens and vice versa and not so much as a political right but on humanitarian grounds we expect that as many Polish citizens in the Soviet territory as possible may be able to leave Russia and either join their families or seek employment in their country's service. We also trust that those Poles who are not allowed to leave will be permitted to enjoy the assistance and protection of their own government and to keep faith with their motherland, even while sharing with their Russian neighbors the sacrifices and hardships inevitable in wartime conditions."

"The question of the future boundaries of reconstituted Poland forms one of the greatest territorial problems which will have to be solved at the end of the war. There is no reason to attempt the solution of this problem piecemeal or prematurely, so long as the greater part of Europe and all Poland is occupied by the enemy, who is constantly watching for dissension and difference of opinion in the midst of the United Nations."

"We see no adequate reason why, after a common victory, Poland should make any further sacrifices either in territory or in population in addition to those she has already made and is still making in her steadfast defence of her own freedom and that of the whole world. Such a course would be immoral and alien to ideals, for whose triumph we are fighting. Therefore, the Polish Government stands firm for the integrity of the Polish territory."

"I affirm categorically that we never shall have a Government, especially as long as we remain in exile that would consider itself empowered to negotiate on any other basis."

"In this concept of frontiers there is included first and foremost the idea of security. Where no real threat to security exists or can exist and where there are no reasons why relations between two neighboring countries should not remain friendly or at least correct, inspired by mutual confidence, there can be not the slightest justification for revision of the previous state of affairs at the expense of rights legally acquired and in defiance of the will of the inhabitants."

"When, on the other hand, we must deal with lasting and unbounded lust for power and conquest seeking only its own gain and heedless of the wrong done to others, such as we have seen during the thousand years of the 'Drang Nach Osten,' when that spirit shows itself in an orgy of savagery such as the world had never seen, then most certainly measures must be taken to insure

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THE FIRST BOMB OF WORLD WAR II

by JERZY TEPA

ON September 1, 1939 at 5.19 A.M. I saw the first bomb of World War II fall on the main hangar of the airfield at Katowice, capital of Upper Silesia—two minutes by bomber from the German frontier, along which the Reichswehr had been concentrating its forces for weeks. The bomb did no great damage, for in anticipation of the attack, the Polish planes had been removed from the hangar and camouflaged in near-by fields.

The deafening roar of the explosion awakened the slumbering city. Everyone dashed to the windows. Above the airfield rose a huge column of black smoke and a flash of fire cast a lurid light on the crumpled roof, trusses and tumbling rafters. From behind the clouds emerged heavy planes flying towards Cracow and Czesochowa. There were more than fifty of them.

Answering the roar of the German bombers, the sirens shrieked an alarm for Katowice and its suburbs.

"Quite a well organized air raid drill. Only why so early?" my neighbor remarked as he looked for the eyeglasses he had dropped on the stairs in his haste.

"Do you think so?" asked the incredulous landlady who for twenty years had prophesied a German attack. "Those were Germans."

A chorus of laughter greeted the remark. No one admitted the possibility of attack, especially after the reassuring news of the day before. Furthermore, Germany had not as yet declared war. It was all very simple: the army had decided to surprise Katowice with an air alarm to test the defense preparations. So, a test bomb had been dropped on one of the old buildings near the airfield. The planes were Polish, no question about that. No one could prove it, because they flew too high above the clouds, but the very fact that they moved in the direction of Cracow, which would also get an air alarm, removed all doubt. And then Polish anti-aircraft guns had not fired a single shot. Yes, the planes were definitely ours.

Little by little, the people began to disperse. But the siren continued its mournful wail and its "banshee howling" filled the deserted streets of the city with the gloom of uncertainty.

Driving to the studio of the Polish Radio, whose program director I had been for two years, I met army cars and motorcycles speeding from one end of the city to the other, while along Kosciuszko Street, a small column of tanks and a few armored trucks were heading for the frontier. Something was in the air. The siren wailed on. Join-



Parliament House of Upper Silesia, Katowice

ing it in never ending chorus were factory, foundry, and mine whistles from near-by Ligota, Krolewska Huta, Siemanowice, Hajduki, Chorzow, and tens of other localities in Silesia and the Dabrowski Basin. The air quivered from the sharp continuous sounds, which fell into the nervous broken accords of a gigantic alarm symphony.

The previous three nights had been the prologue of a drama that no one wanted to believe had begun. German diversionists had fought Polish miners and members of the citizens' voluntary guard on the Silesian border, they had trained machine guns on defenseless villages, they had set houses on fire, and organized into bands, they had forced their way into Polish territory through the walks and passages of old mines that had openings on both the Polish and German side. Two nights before, the Polish miners from Ruda, having lost their patience, had "waited" for the diversionists at the exit of the mine. None of the visitors returned to Germany. But, after all, these were only partisan border fights, started by the Germans in an attempt to frighten the Polish people and government, only a time worn device that had on occasion given excellent results in Austria and Czechoslovakia. No one believed that definite armed steps would be taken without a formal declaration of war.

Meanwhile the war was already on. A minute after my arrival at the studio, I received a telephone call from Cracow informing me that a German formation was bomb-

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... **T**HERE always has been a Polish question: today there are many. They are vital not only to the well-being of Poland but to the peace of Europe. There is more potential trouble to the mile along Poland's frontiers than anywhere else in Europe. After the war the reconstruction of Poland will be one of Europe's major tasks. It has been well said that we shall know whether we have won by what happens to Poland.

Poland is geographically one of the most important states of Europe. Ethnically its situation is even more vital, since it joins—or separates—the contrasted cultures of Germany and Russia. Politically Poland has been much under-estimated in Britain, and our lack of interest in Polish affairs was remarkable. Our grandfathers knew much more about Poland than we do, and Polish struggles for freedom from Russian and Prussian tyranny were sympathetically followed in Britain. After Poland obtained her freedom, however, our cordiality declined. Maybe a Polish friend of mine struck a psychological truth, when he explained this: "The British are the friend of the under-dog, and have been throughout history. But, once the under-dog has got up, the British are no longer interested."

British outlook tends to ignore Eastern Europe—yet Warsaw is a *Central* European capital, and does not belong to the east. Take a map of Europe and draw a few lines from one extremity to the other—from the Shetland Islands to the Crimea, from North Cape to Cape Matapan, from Gibraltar to the easternmost point in the Urals—you may be surprised to find that they intersect near Warsaw.

... Certainly the history of Poland is clear of those religious and racial persecutions which have disfigured the records of so many European states. "I am not king of your conscience," declared a Polish monarch. "Nobody shall be imprisoned until he is legally convicted," another king ruled—two hundred and fifty years before the passing of the Habeas Corpus Act in England.

There was at least an attempt at democracy in Poland before the word was ever heard of in Western Europe. True, its benefits were confined to the gentry class, but they were large. Ten percent of the people of Poland had the right to vote—at a time when the proportion was only 5 per cent in England.

... At Tannenberg in 1410, the Teutonic Knights were hopelessly defeated. Their Grand Master bore a proud name, Albert of Hohenzollern, but he had to pay homage to the king of Poland. This is one of the indignities of history which Hitler finds so irritating.

... Russia, Prussia and Austria combined to attack Poland in 1772.

... For a hundred and fifty years Poland was no more than a name, an almost forgotten name—except in Poland. There patriots schemed and fought for freedom against hopeless odds. It says something for the tenacity of race that in spite of appalling repression from the Russians—who occupied two-thirds of the old Poland—the language and culture of Poland survived. The Poles faithfully followed the advice of Rousseau: "Poles, if you cannot prevent your neighbors from swallowing you, you can at least secure that they will not succeed in digesting you."

... Many of the internal difficulties of Poland can scarcely be blamed on the Poles. It must be remembered that for a hundred and fifty years the country lay under foreign yokes

*From THE NEW EUROPE, by Bernard Newman, 1943. By permission of the Macmillan Company, publishers, New York.



THE FOURTH PARTITION OF POLAND
("The New Europe" by Bernard Newman, page 104)

—a hundred and fifty critical and formative years, which saw the development of modern civilization and the birth of modern economic progress. The Prussians ruled their subject races efficiently but firmly. The Poles were given little share even in local responsibility, and their own culture was vigorously submerged. Nevertheless their standard of living was comparatively high.

The Austrians were far more tolerant; Galicia, the Austrian share of Poland, was almost a self-governing province. Here at least Polish culture could thrive, and statesmen and administrators be trained against the day when Poland would live again. The lot of the millions of Poles who lived under the corrupt and inefficient Russian rule, on the other hand, was miserable. They were reduced almost to the level of serfs, and all reminders of their race were brutally suppressed. ... The first task of the Polish government, still incomplete, was to level up the standard of life among the three divisions. Polish language and culture, by the way, survived with remarkable firmness, and Polish is freer from dialects than any language in Europe.

Gradually domestic difficulties were being overcome, and there was every indication that the time was near when Poland would be a powerful state again. Indeed, the dignity of recognition as a Great Power loomed brightly on the horizon. The population of Poland in 1938 was 34 millions and her birth-rate was high. By 1950 her population was likely to be 50 millions—and by that time Great Britain and France would count little more than 40 millions each. Further, Poland was a young country. During the World War, apart from ordinary casualties, over 1 million Poles died of privation. Naturally, most of these were old people,

so that the normal age balance of population was disturbed. Thus in 1938 50 per cent of the people of Poland were under twenty-five years of age—66 per cent under thirty!

... More recent figures are even more striking. Although free from government stimulus, the Poles are naturally more prolific than the Germans, and in the last ten years the average number of boys born in Poland was 511,000 while in Germany it was 595,000. In young man-power, therefore, Poland was only slightly inferior to Germany.

The difficulties confronting the reborn state were appalling. Economic conditions were fantastic—Poland inherited three currencies all sliding towards bankruptcy. The land had been impoverished and desolated by war—over half a million houses had been destroyed. Livestock had been killed off: farm implements and industrial machines stolen. It says much for the spirit of the Poles that they advanced with courage from the first moment of their freedom.

... Britain and France must carry a serious share of the blame for the rapid Polish defeat. In April, 1939, the British government offered a loan: but it was wrapped up in so many conditions that the war had begun before the Poles had gathered much benefit. When, early in August, the danger was only too obvious and the Poles wished to mobilize, they were deterred—such a move might annoy Hitler!

On September 1st, 1939, therefore, Polish mobilization was still incomplete. It never was completed. The vastly outnumbered Polish air force was shot down from the skies in the first days of battle, despite innumerable epics of heroism—Polish pilots in obsolete machines deliberately charging head on against German bombers. Thereafter the Luftwaffe wreaked its will. Towns and villages were fired—timber is the most common building material in Poland, and a few dozen incendiaries destroyed a village. Bridges and railways hundreds of miles from the battle area were wrecked. Tens of thousands of Polish reservists never even reached their depots before the war was over.

... No one could have blamed the Poles had they flung up their hands in despair. Yet they fought on. Isolated detachments, totally surrounded, defied all attacks. Warsaw stood a siege, short in duration but almost unparalleled in its horror. The fighters in the trenches were not all soldiers: not all men, indeed—as often in history, Polish women fought beside their men: boys and girls seized rifles and fought beside their fathers. They shared the isolated and the common graves scattered about the city's ruins.

The end was inevitable. By the end of September all but guerrilla fighting had ended. Now the spoils must be divided.

Germany seized the western part of Poland—188,000 square kilometres, with a population of 22 millions. Russia's share was 201,000 square kilometres, with a population of 13 millions. The richest areas, naturally, went to Germany. The Russians promptly held a "plebiscite" in their share—one of the plebiscites of the type so familiar in Europe, where a man can vote only one way. Naturally the voting was almost unanimous for incorporation in Soviet Russia. There might have been a considerable vote for such a course in any case, but this plebiscite was farcical.

Over conquered Poland a great terror reigned. In the Russian half Polish leaders and intellectuals were arrested and interned. There had been ugly incidents in moments of disillusion. So complete was the confusion that, when the Russians first crossed the frontier, some Polish units thought they had come to help in the fight against Germany—and cheered as Poles and Russians marched side by side. There was trouble when the truth emerged.

Yet repression in the east could scarcely be compared with massacre in the west. There was nothing new in the Nazi

policy. "Beat the Poles: drive them to be sick of life: they must be exterminated." This sounds like Hitler, but the words were uttered by Bismarck.

... Over 10,000 people perished in a week at Bydgoszcz. Here the German timing went wrong—the local Fifth Column began its treacherous attacks too soon, and was promptly dealt with. This was presented by German propaganda as a murder of Germans, and a terrible revenge was executed.

Some months after the campaign, a young friend of mine escaped from Poland. His story was typical of those shocking days. When the Germans entered his village, they seized five hostages—the headman or mayor (my friend's father), the priest and three peasant farmers. That night an impetuous Polish youth swarmed up the flagstaff, hauled down the swastika and replaced the Polish flag.

Next morning the entire population of the village was assembled and the five hostages were shot. My friend described the scene: he had to hold his hands behind his head; his mother stood by his side. As his father was shot, his mother collapsed; he moved to support her, and a bayonet was plunged into his flesh. Then the people were forced to file by the bodies, to see at close quarters what happened to those who defied the Nazi flag.

When my friend returned to his mother, he was scarcely surprised to find that she had lost her reason under the ordeal; mercifully, a few days later she died. After an adventurous journey he reached England and is now a fighter pilot. His age is twenty, but he looks fifty. His stare of amazement can be imagined when he hears people in this country talking about "making a deal" with Hitler. With this scene enacted ten thousand times in Poland, can it be wondered that Poles find more difficulty in distinguishing between Nazis and Germans than we do?

Gdynia was the pride of Poland, and an object of German jealousy. It was therefore singled out for the first attack. Street by street, at an hour's notice, its people were turned out of their homes: they might carry a suitcase, but all household goods had to be left behind. They were marched along a road: old men, women and children—the young men were already dead or prisoners. As sick or feeble fell by the way, they were pushed into the ditches by the guards. At night the pathetic companies lay in the open fields.

Then they were herded into cattle trucks, sixty to a truck, and locked in. Through the Polish winter trains jogged sullenly forward. In the trucks people died, women gave birth to babies, children shrieked in fear and lost their reason. Hundreds perished on this appalling journey. Even the hardened German soldiers were taken aback when from one train they removed the bodies of thirty children, frozen stiff.

The survivors found themselves dumped in the midst of a forest, somewhere in the Governor-Generalship. Now they might "do as they liked." The nearest village was already overcrowded, and its food supplies exhausted. They set off to march to Warsaw. Did you ever face a Polish winter? Bitterly cold winds sweep from the Russian plains, driving before them not snow, but tiny particles of ice which cut like a knife. The road to Warsaw was dotted with crude crosses to mark the last rest of those who lay down and could not rise again. And those who reached Warsaw found it a dead city of destruction and famine, where a hundred-weight of potatoes cost fifty dollars, and a dog was sold for ten dollars.

... Many of my Polish friends were among the Nazi victims, and I suffered with them in spirit. Yet what was in some ways a harder blow was to follow. Pillage and murder.

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TALES OF THE TATRAS

by KAZIMIERZ PRZERWA-TETMAJER



FOREWORD by CARL CARMER

President, Council of Authors League, P.E.N.

THE springs that feed the stream of a people's imagination are few and very clear. The numberless, nameless men and women who, without conscious artistry, make the songs and tales of a region are moved to expression by impulses as old as the history of local human habitation.

For a river sings a song which the boys and girls who wander its reaches will never forget, and a desert's awful humming is always in the ears of those who were born there even though they spend long years and die among the whispering hills.

Work, too, feeds the mind with imaginings—the kind of work that the landscape breeds, whether it is the swinging of axes in the woods, the herding of cattle on treeless pastures, the digging of ditches to bring water to parched earth.

And the daily happenstances of a people's life—the true dramas that are played only to the limited audience of a countryside take firm hold on the mind and live long after the players are only names on headstones.

The experiences I have listed above as spurs to the popular imagination are so all-inclusive that many a shrewd and ambitious charlatan would conceal them. He would, for his own aggrandizement, have those who follow him believe that a people living in a different part of the world is, through that very fact, strange and inexplicable and menacing. He would destroy anyone who denied this, anyone who tried to show that common experiences bind men together.

The man who put the tales and songs that are printed here into words of his own choosing was a victim of such a charlatan. His starved, lifeless, 75-year-old body was found among the ruins of Warsaw one pitilessly cold afternoon just before the dark year of 1941 was born.

But the death of the body of a poet never accomplishes all that the German charlatan, Adolph Hitler, believes it will. If he were sane, by this time he would have learned his lesson, but his diseased mind still sticks to its old formula—that death puts an end to all things.

This book is ample refutation of the madman's logic. Once Kazimierz Przerwa-Tetmajer was a young poet to whom the people of Poland gave their whole-hearted affection. He

From TALES OF THE TATRAS, by K. P. Tetmajer. Translated from the Polish by H. E. Kennedy and Zofia Uminska. Foreword by Carl Carmer. Drawings by Janina Konarska, initials by Teresa Zarnower. Roy Publishers, 25 W. 45th St., New York, 1943.

returned their love when he grew older by setting down for them the tales and songs of the people of the Tatrás, the mountains that towered above his birthplace in northern Poland.

The sky-reaching peaks of the Carpathians that lie between Slovakia and Poland had much to say to the sensitive, imaginative boy who lived at their foot. Their moods are reflected in his recordings of the imaginative flights of his own people.

We Americans have our mountains, too, and we understand. We welcome these tales to our own fire-sides, for we know others like them that are the product of our love for our own hills and valleys.

Like the people of the Tatrás, the Indians who lived among our Catskills long ago dreamed that the old moon disappears only to be cut up into more stars to decorate our mountain peaks. Like the Polish mountaineers who told Tetmajer the story of the fearful bear "He" we have our tale of "The Great Bear of Arkansas." We, too, can tell of lost loves, of bold outlaws, of great fights. Time and again we match tale for tale until, on having finished the reading of the book, we feel that we have had a happy, rich, friendly evening beside the leaping flames of an open fire.

This is a book that Americans can take to their hearts. And of all the tales in it perhaps that of Zwyrtala the Fiddler best sums up why this is so. For Zwyrtala died and went to Heaven and soon had the place so disorganized with his fiddling that the angel choir was singing wicked fiddle tunes rather too well. The only solution was for the Management to send him back down the Milky Way into the heart of the Tatrás where he is still fiddling.

That is the possibility the German charlatan always forgets. He has murdered millions of Poles but the fiddling of Zwyrtala still mocks him, the tales of the starved Tetmajer still prove him a fool. We Americans know this and are happy that it is so. Our country has its fiddlers and poets, too.

* * *

ZWYRTALA THE FIDDLER



LD Zwyrtala died and his soul set out to heaven, moustached and with a fiddle under his arm. He got to the gate and looked: it was shut.

He thought to himself: "Better not bang at the gate; they're asleep."

He sat down on a stump near by . . . sat and sat but pretty soon he wearied of it, took out the fiddle, tightened its pegs with his teeth, strummed on its strings, leant it under his left arm and drew the bow across.

He played softly at first, fearing to wake them, but warming to his playing, he pressed harder on the bow. Playing there, he called to his mind his old woman, who'd stayed behind on the earth and, at the thought, immediately began to sing:

*May the bachelor's abode ever blessed be!
Everywhere I look around, there my wife I see.*

As he sang—and he sang loud—he heard a voice from behind the gate saying:

"Who's that there?"

"Saint Peter!" thought Zwyrtala to himself, but he answered boldly, for in Empress Tessa's time he'd been pressed and had served in the cuirassiers for twelve years over there.

"It's I."

"And who's I?"

"Zwyrtala."

"What're you yelling for?"

"I'm not yelling at all, only singing."
"To the dev—" (the voice broke off) "with such singing. Why ever did you come so late?"

"Right enough, I'm a bit late, but I only died towards evening."

"Towards evening? Then you should be but half way here!"

"Well, Saint Peter, I'm brisk—I'm a highlandman."

"Then where d'you hail from?"

"From the mountains."

"From Novy Targ?"

"Yes."

"And from what village?"

"Oh, if I tell you you'll be none the wiser. You don't know the country over there, do you?"

"I know everything. Where d'you come from?"

"From Mur."

"What's your name?"

"Maciek Galica."

"And your nickname?"

"Zwyrtala."

"And your place?"

"Senzek."

"Well then, sit there Senzek till daybreak . . . and don't make a noise."

"All right, I won't. Good night to you, sir."

"There, there! Quiet!"

Maciek Zwyrtala sat there quietly for a while, but it got a bit cold towards morning, though 'twas mid-summer and again he strummed on the strings.

Zwyrtala made his best bow and the Lord God nodded to him.

Round about were angels—small ones, big ones, arch-angels in golden armor, men and women saints and those others that are in heaven, men and women—heaps of women! They'd run from all sides to hear the music! 'Twas a wonder how they hustled to get in front, those souls!

"Now then!" said the Lord God, "Zwyrtala, play!"

"What tune?"

"The robbers' dance."

"Here goes, then, the robbers' dance."

Zwyrtala tightened the pegs with his teeth, tuned up, drew his bow across the strings and played it right through, beginning with:

*Oh, Janitzek, heart of mine,
Where's the feather that was thine—
Given by me?*

*Dearest, when to war I rode,
Fell it where the river flowed
Full and free.*

continuing through:

*Oh, chief of ours, chief of ours,
Good robber-boys hast thou, by all the power!*

and so on down to:

For here the robbers dance so gay.

He played every down to Amen.

The Lord God nodded His head. He liked it. Then the saints and angels followed suit and the saved too; nay, even, I may say, they couldn't praise Zwyrtala's playing enough! And he was most awfully glad and his moustaches bristled.

Well, but listen what happened afterwards. The Lord God went into His dwelling and then the men and women saints and the angels kept saying to Zwyrtala: "Play! Play!"



. . . Night came and found them still listening. From every side highland tunes sounded. All heaven re-echoed with them.

In the morning Saint Peter said to archangel Gabriel: "This can't go on. Couldn't you call up this Zwyrtala, Sir?"

"All right, then!"

Zwyrtala came with his fiddle under his arm.

He bowed.

"Zwyrtala!" said Saint Peter, "Would you go away somewhere?"

"Out of this?"

"Yes."

"Away from heaven?"

"Just so."

"But where?"

"Where?" repeated Saint Peter. "Where? That's just what I don't know."

And he fell a-thinking.

"And why should I?" asked Zwyrtala. "Why, they sent me here when I died."

"That's just it."

"I didn't steal or kill or fight."

"I know, I know!"

"Well, then, what?"

"But everyone in heaven's been singing highland songs since you've come."

"Oh, that's it, is it?"

"Zwyrtala!" said Saint Peter (then he paused). "Where can he go from heaven?"

But Zwyrtala kept silent a moment, scratched the back of his ear and then said: "Oh, please Your Grace, don't make your head ache over that! I agree on the spot. I'm off."

"Where to?"

"To where I came from."

"To the earth?"

"Just that."

"And I thought of putting you on some star. . . ."

"I don't want it. You needn't look for any star. I'm off down there."

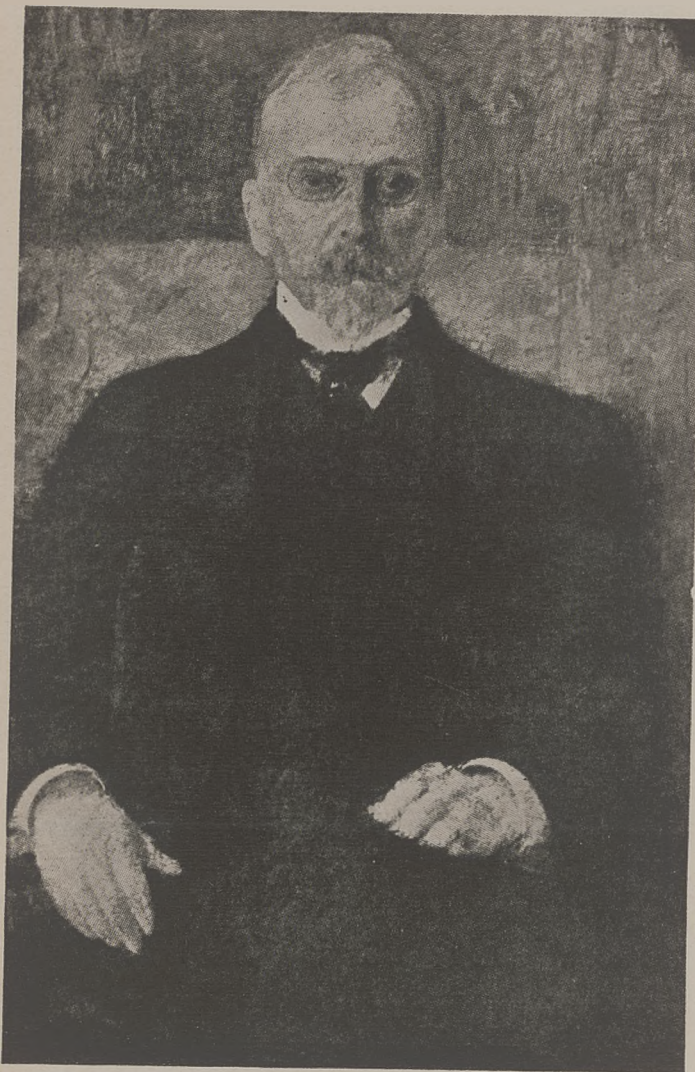
"Out of heaven?"

"Oh, I'll find heaven there too!
(Please turn to page 14)



POLISH PAINTING FLOURISHED IN PARIS

by DR. IRENE PIOTROWSKA



Portrait of Henryk Sienkiewicz by OLGA BOZNANSKA

DURING more than a hundred years before this war, Paris was the great art center of the world radiating its influence over all nations, the place where artists from every country gathered to complete their studies. Some remained in France for years, some spent their whole lives there; many after a lapse of time returned home, and either continued to paint in the Parisian style, or came under the sway of local traditions, but the knowledge gained in Paris enabled them to perfect their national art.

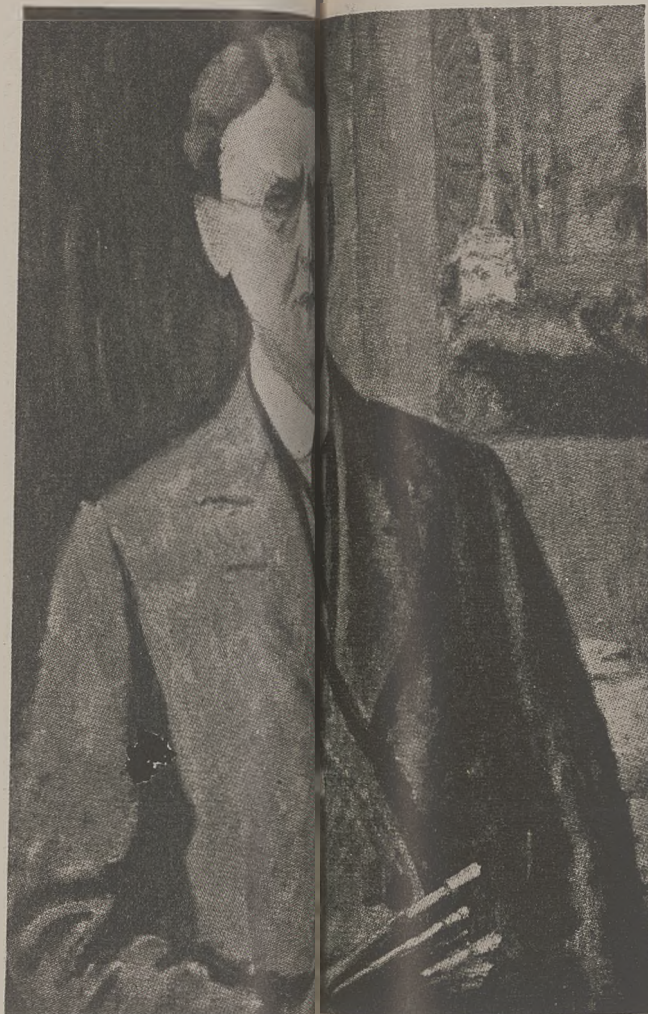
Simultaneously with the flowering of 19th century French painting, Poland was developing a national style of her own, distinguished by its emotional content and its individual features of composition and color. But she did not lag behind other nations as regards her part in the evolution of the Parisian school. Amidst the many artists from all parts of the world who contributed to the fame of the Parisian school were a number of Poles. For more than a century, each artistic generation which represented some definite style trend in the Paris school had a Pole among its ranks.

Among Polish painters who spent large parts of their lives in Paris was Piotr Michalowski (1800-1855). After him came Henryk Rodakowski (1823-1894), Alexander Gierymski (1849-1901), and Wladyslaw Slewinski (1854-1918). These were followed by Olga Boznanska (born

1865), whose portraits hang in the Brooklyn Museum and in the Carnegie Institute; Wladyslaw Podkowinski (1866-1895), one of whose canvasses has recently been donated to the Polish Museum in Chicago; Jozef Pankiewicz (1866-1940), born in the same year as Podkowinski but who outlived him for several decades; Leopold Gottlieb (1879-1934), whose works enrich many a private American collection; the still better known Eugene Zak (1884-1926) and the unjustly forgotten Tadeusz Makowski (1883-1926). Of the living artists of the same generation let us mention Tytus Czyzewski (b. 1884), succeeded by a group of somewhat younger painters, among whom are M. Kisling (b. 1891) and Sigmund Menkes, both now in the U. S. A., and Henryk Gotlib (b. 1892), now in Great Britain. To these other names representing the youngest generations of Polish artists, who belong to the Paris school, could be added.

Strangely enough, although these artists all display various stylistic trends, an undisputable affinity exists among them. In spite of their being saturated with the art culture of Paris, they differ from those painters who managed to lose their national individuality completely. Thus, for instance, although the art of Wladyslaw Slewinski is closely allied with that of Gauguin, the Polish painter is no less akin to Olga Boznanska. In spite of all the differences, the same extremely harmonious color schemes occur, the same quiet, soft sentiment is met with. This affinity is certainly not accidental. All the Polish artists mentioned as having lived for long years on French soil, absorbed not the fashions and ever changing trends of Parisian art, but its essence, its permanent values: they became impregnated with the age old artistic culture of France. On this basis they created an art of their own. The feeling for color innate to the Poles, their emotional attitude toward life, combined with the acquired French culture, gave astonishing results. The work of these Polish painters belonging to the Parisian school is thus no less Polish. A comparison with Poussin comes to mind. This great 17th century French painter spent the greater part of his life in Italy, derived his art from Italian masters, yet remained French in spirit. Although his contemporaries considered him a member of the Italian school, today many look upon him as one of the forebears of modern French painting—Polish painters resident in Paris rendered a further service to Polish art: they were direct intermediaries between Poland and the West, they maintained an intimate union between Polish art and the latest artistic developments in the world. All this of course applies equally to Polish artists of the Parisian school who belong to the past, and to the youngest who reached their maturity only a while ago.

How native elements shine through forms of art acquired



Self-Portrait JOZEF PANKIEWICZ

abroad may be shown, for instance, in the work of Eugene Zak, whose paintings are to be found in private and public galleries in America. While the outward form of his canvases possesses a definite Parisian stamp, the lyrical mood pervading his paintings stems from his childhood and early youth spent in Poland. Moreover, his earlier works reflect some Polish elements even as regards outer form. Thus the *Shepherd* by Zak in the Chicago Art Institute has relatively bright colors and wide distinct contours that give a decorative quality to the picture and remind one of Stanislaw Wyspianski (1869-1907) of Cracow, the poet-painter, who inspired so many of the younger Polish artists.

But of all the Polish painters influenced by Paris, Jozef Pankiewicz deserves special attention because of his outstanding artistic achievements and his extensive teaching of Polish artistic youth. His death, which occurred three years ago in France during the tragic days of universal suffering, was a blow to Polish art. Pankiewicz's influence on the Polish youth began in 1905 when he became professor at the Academy of Fine Arts in Cracow.

Pankiewicz, already distinguished by his unusually wide culture and broad outlook on art, knew how to form his pupils. A splendid colorist, he was the first Pole to adhere to French impressionism; as time went on he kept up with the evolu-



Still Life by ZYGMUNT MENKES



Still Life by JOZEF PANKIEWICZ

tion of modern art in Paris. During all the ten years he taught at the Cracow Academy, he never failed to visit Paris to acquaint himself with the newest trends of Parisian art and, on his return to Cracow, gave a fresh impetus to his pupils. Thus early in this century, he introduced his pupils to the art of Renoir and even of Cézanne and Van Gogh. So later in their lives his pupils found it easier to understand modern art. M. Kisling, one of the leading painters of the contemporary Parisian school—now in New York—was among the first to attend the courses conducted by Pankiewicz, and he remembers these inspiring hours to this day. We reproduce a self-portrait of Pankiewicz, painted in 1909 and now privately owned in this country. The National Museum of Cracow possesses more of the artist's paintings, belonging to this period.

Restored Poland appointed this Polish apostle of French Art, director of the Parisian Branch of the Academy of Fine (Please turn to page 10)



Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago
The Shepherd BY EUGENE ZAK

(Continued from page 9)

Arts in Cracow, opened in 1925. The influences of Pankiewicz on young artists continued to grow. All young Polish artists studying in Paris came under his immediate influence. At that time a much younger generation of artists was passing through his studio. Pankiewicz more than ever urged them to pay attention to contrasting color values, but did not allow them to neglect good drawing and balanced composition. By that time he himself had reached a stage of development where he was able to delight in the art of painting for its own sake, as did so many masters of the French school, and his constant searching for the most perfect color harmonies finally led him to super-natural color schemes, pure color symphonies. Furthermore, Pankiewicz was a discriminating connoisseur of old paintings. For many years he took his students on Sundays to the Louvre, for "divine service" as he called it and explained to them the art of all periods. Yet, his favorites remained Corot, Renoir, and Bonnard, the French masters in whose canvases fluorescent, super-natural color harmonies vibrated as in his own art. Through his pupils, the influences of Pankiewicz art and teachings reached Poland and affected large numbers of young Polish painters.

How deep and lasting was the attachment of Pankiewicz's pupils to their master is shown by the fact that, in the last year of his professorship at the Cracow Academy, a group of them formed a society, *The Parisian Committee*, in Polish *Komitet Paryski*, or simply *K. P.*,—the members of which became known as the *Kapists*. When the following year Pankiewicz was leaving for Paris, they followed him and remained with him.

The Kapists were headed by Zygmunt Waliszewski (1897-1936), Jan Cybis, Jozef Czapski—author of a beautiful volume devoted to his master, published in Warsaw, 1936—Jozef Jarema, and Tadeusz Potworowski; the last three are now with the Polish Armed Forces. Their goal—as the name of the group indicates—was to learn from Parisian art as much as they could. Guided by their teacher, they absorbed its beneficial and lasting qualities. While admiring Parisian art in the Louvre and at the many salons and exhibitions, they learned to understand the age old laws of true art and matured into painters of deep artistic culture.

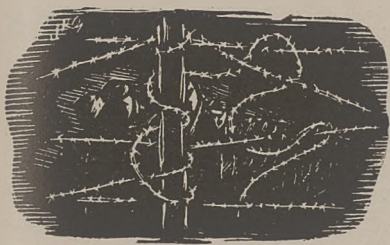
The first important group exhibitions of the Kapists were in Paris (1930) and Geneva (1931). The same year they exhibited in Warsaw, thus inaugurating a series of yearly displays at Poland's most outstanding art gallery, the renowned *Institute for the Propagation of Art*, an institution comparable in its scope and activities, if not in size, to the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

These exhibitions, together with a special show in 1933 devoted to Pankiewicz, whose scintillating paintings filled all the rooms of the gallery, had a profound influence on Polish painting in general. They stirred a new interest in color, which became noticeable in Polish painting during the last years before the Republic lost her independence. During these years most Polish painters became color conscious to a greater extent than ever before in Polish painting. The number of splendid colorists among the youngest generation of Polish artists was astounding. And behind all this evolution of recent Polish art stood the genius of Pankiewicz, who from among all Polish painters of the Parisian school knew best how to get the most out of the treasure of Parisian art, and also how to impart knowledge to others.



Flowers BY TADEUSZ POTWOROWSKI

THE OSWIECIM SLAUGHTER-HOUSE*



FOR more than two years now Oswiecim concentration camp has been the grim symbol of life in Poland under German occupation. Its shadow throws a pall over the once gay and colorful Polish landscape.

According to verified reports, up to July, 1942, no less than 125,000 persons have passed through this concentration camp. During the whole period of its existence 7,000 were released or transferred to other concentration camps and 12 escaped!

For a long time the German invaders tried to conceal this crime. But information leaked out. At first there were only ungrounded rumors but finally the curtain of mystery was torn apart. Several eye-witness reports appeared in pamphlet form telling some of the horrors of life in this German camp of carnage.

The world does not realize and cannot believe what goes on behind the barbed wires of Oswiecim—and there are more than 24 other such camps in Poland. The two fragments given below, the least gruesome, are taken from reports received by the Polish Government in London. The truth is not pleasant. One even wonders what useful purpose is served by writing about it. But would it be wise to conceal the truth? Must not the nature of our enemy be revealed?

* * *

The group of prisoners assigned to weed the beet patch swarmed over the field. Fingers slid through the tender red shoots and closed on the sharp and stubborn weeds. The drab monotony of the landscape was broken by the silver rails running in a gentle curve beyond the horizon. From time to time a long train rushed by. Heads lifted for a moment and eyes followed this fleeting mirage of freedom! The heavy boot of the guard and a sharp blow brought them back to earth.

Open cars, closed cars, passenger and freight cars were a reminder of pre-camp life, and gave these broken figures hope for a post-camp life. On this particular day, some evil fate ordained that a train of wounded German soldiers should pass. The sight of bandaged heads, arms and legs sent an electric shock through the listless figures. They sprang up and lifted their arms in wild gesticulations. They began to yell like madmen. Here was something that gave them hope for a victory. But alas, how short was their joy! The German guard at first did not realize what was happening. He rushed at the nearest figure shouting for help. Together they "put down the riot" by killing five men. The others were then ordered to the barracks. Limp and a bit dazed after the burst of joy, they marched to the penal barracks never to reappear again. Death is the punishment for those who hope.

But death is perhaps the easiest if it comes swiftly. Not all are so fortunate. The Nazis have ingeniously provided for prolonged and painful torture. One such instrument in the Oswiecim camp is called the "post."

In the dim light of the crude interior silhouettes of posts supporting the roof can be distinguished. From each one a human body is suspended. Groans escape lips twisted with pain.

A hook is screwed into each post. Every prisoner has his wrists bound behind his back with a sharp metal chain. The

chain is then hung on the hook. The toes of the victims are not permitted to touch the floor. Hands raised above their heads behind the back twist their shoulders to the front. Each post in the two rows extending through the long building is decorated with a writhing body twisted in the most unnatural contortions.

The whole weight of the body is suspended from the wrists. That is where the pain is felt at first. The skin is cut by the chain and the bones feel as if they were fractured. If the feet could only touch the floor. It seems that just a little and the body would rest on its proper base. The dreadful pain would stop. The writhing and twisting and torture would cease. The executioners know that very well—

The suspended victims instinctively reach for the ground with their toes. This only increases the pain in the wrists. Swiftly this pain spreads through the shoulders, neck and lower spine. After several minutes the whole body becomes numb. The suffering is by no means alleviated. It is only transformed into a new form. This numbness extends from head to toes but does not include the most painful areas, the chained wrists, the tortuously inverted shoulder blades and the arched spine. It becomes a new pain, only different, only more awful. The muscles and joints can find no relief. The body pulls and twists on the post. Each minute drags like eternity. When this hour of hellish torture, this hour at the post, is over, there is no place where the broken prisoner can rest his pain-racked bones.

The post is "given" in the morning and prison rules forbid bedding to be spread before night. All day the victim must carry his tortured body between barrack walls or on the hard gravel of the court yard. At night he will lie down on a thin pallet of straw only to toss and groan through a sleepless night. Early next morning he will get up to work.

These tortures are carried out on Sunday mornings so as not to waste any working hours. The "criminals" hang one hour. If the sentence is two hours then one hour is given for two consecutive Sundays, if three then the post lasts three Sundays.

What had these "criminals" done to merit such heinous punishment?

One had been caught smoking in working hours, others took shelter from the rain instead of remaining at their job, stole a piece of bread, or . . . answered the roll call before their turn.

Yet these men never give up—they know no pain can kill the faith and hope that preserved the spirit of Poland through the 124 years of partition and is sustaining the persecuted of Poland now. Man's spirit will always prevail over brute force.

POLAND — by BERNARD NEWMAN

(Continued from page 5)

der are inevitable adjuncts of war. I have always cultivated an international outlook, and have always respected those things which are international: arts and sciences for example. But the art treasures of Poland have been looted—by German artists. Some years ago a new Physical Institute was opened in Warsaw, one of the finest in the world. Deputations of learned men came from all countries for the ceremonial opening, among them a committee of German professors. In 1939 these professors returned to Warsaw, to select from the Institute the choicest pieces of its valuable equipment, which were at once transported to Germany: they came with a list ready prepared! How many years must pass before Germans are trusted again?

. . . The Germans are right in one contention: if they

(Please turn to page 14)

* Excerpts from a Polish underground report to be published by "Poland Fights," Polish Labor Group, 55 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

DON'T YOU SEE THE POLISH SQUARES?

by ST. SEP. SZARZYNSKI



Red and White squares, the sign of the Polish Air Force.

On a patrolling bomber, clouds are about the same as bushes or ditches are to an infantryman. Through the "windows" and breaks in the clouds one can look down at immense stretches of the sea, without being seen. Friendly clouds enable planes to fly close to enemy airfields and ports, and give them protection against attack.

On one cool autumn day, a hundred miles from the English coast, the clouds disappeared. From the coast of France far to the west, to the warm currents that bring cloud masses from the ocean, a crystal clear sky and sea stretched over hundreds of miles. One could see every ship on the sea, every plane in the sky.

This time, however, sea and sky were empty, and "Ella"—our Wellington—armed with its six machine-guns manned by six men, passed from the protecting clouds and hung in the blue sphere of the ocean and clear sky. Attentive eyes peered over the sapphire surface of the sea, searching every inch of it. Others scanned the blue sky, to the extreme range of visibility, beyond the reach of human sight, sensitive only to precision instruments.

Through his field-glasses the second pilot examined the sea and the sky systematically and carefully. He had done this many times. Nothing escaped his attention. The tension on board the plane increased. It was

rather a strained concentration of will-power. At such times any unnecessary contact of the microphone or jolt of the radio, sets one's nerves on edge.

Near the Iberian coast thin clouds appeared, but just beyond them the Spanish sands, flooded with streams of sunshine rose out of the sea. Here we turned toward home. Half of our task was done. We had about four hours left to get back to the concrete runways of our base, to a hot cup of tea and a comfortable seat in which it is so pleasant to sink after nine hours of flight. The thin layer of clouds hanging over the Spanish coast was behind us.

In the sixth hour of our flight one of the pilots spotted a plane about 3 miles off. Almost at the same time the front gunner saw five more. . . . It was unlikely they were friends, as enemy air bases were within an hour's flight. There was only one thing to be done, to fly just above the surface of the sea. "Ella" went down in a steep dive and we flew on, almost touching the crests of the waves. It was a gamble—we should either get through unobserved or have to fight it out.

Luck was not with us, and each of us knew that it would take nerve to win.

There was no longer any doubt left that "Ella" had been discovered. The enemy planes turned on us. They were all fighters, "Ju.88". Their high speed, powerful armament and thick armor make them particularly dangerous. For a Wellington to engage even one Junker is a ticklish job, but to meet six portended doom.

Yet instinct urged us to fight to the end, no matter how little hope there was.

The pilot jettisoned all his bombs. Fountains of water spurted up and "Ella" became more buoyant.

The wireless operator was busy sending out his S.O.S. "Attacked by six planes."

This was just to tell our base what was happening, as we could not dream of help reaching us in time.

The silhouettes of the Junkers grew before our eyes. Five closed in to attack us, while the sixth remained behind.



Bound for the pilots' mess.

Everything depended on our gunners and pilot. "Ella" was in the hands of an excellent pilot and experienced gunners manned the turrets.

The pilot's task was no ordinary one, but he proved his mettle. Every time the plane turned and twisted in that fraction of a second necessary to avoid the streams of enemy bullets.

The Junkers then attacked head on one after the other and our front-gunner caught the growing silhouettes of the attacking planes in his gleaming sight. His finger pressed the hydraulic trigger and the tracer bullets struck the exposed enemy engines, spattered against their fuselage and beat on their wings. The wireless operator opened fire from the fuselage guns and the rear gunner added a goodbye with short bursts from his guns.

Only essential words were spoken: "Attack from ahead!" "From the right!"—"From the left!"—"Attention!" . . .

A few moments later came a longer sentence from the front gunner. He rarely spoke without at least one expletive. As one of the Huns came practically within a few yards, he yelled: "Where the — are you going? Don't you see the Polish squares?"

Small red and white squares, the emblem of the Polish Air Force, were painted on the front of the fuselage. On the wings and sides were the big red, white and blue R.A.F. roundels. Only the red and white squares distinguished "Ella" from other Wellingtons flying in the R.A.F.

The Hun had no time to stop and met condign punishment. Black smoke and flames came from his left engine: he went into a dive and the Atlantic swallowed him.

"Ella" had also been hit. Bullets had destroyed the astroturret and pierced the fuselage in many places, as well as the tanks. Luckily none of the crew was wounded. The plane, however, was full of smoke, as a bullet had shattered a small smoke bomb called a "seamarker," used for marking some spot at sea. Fortunately there was no fire, although a cannon shell had hit the petrol tank. The smoke of the burning seamarker mixed with machine-gun smoke. "Ella" was surrounded by shell bursts, but defended herself quietly



Ground crew at work.

and valiantly. After a while a second Junker was knocked out.

That was the end of that attack. "Ella" repulsed seven others. The other Junkers stayed at a respectful distance. Their crews had seen the Polish squares and were not anxious to join their colleagues in the salty waters of the Atlantic. They ceased to push on.

A strip of clouds appeared on the horizon and "Ella" headed steadily for it. Far behind the Junkers followed like wolves, uncertain but expectant. Minutes passed and the clouds approached. The first clouds passed us. . . . A little later a white shroud of clouds enveloped the victorious "Ella." . . . How pleasant it was to rest if only for a moment, and feel that death is not at the door!

Next day the Officer Commanding the Group sent a signal with congratulations. The press reported "Ella's" victory under the heading "Poles Win Five to One." The Germans "shot down" "Ella."

Coastal Command planes fly thousands of miles in search of submarine pirates. In the far reaches of the Atlantic Ocean not a day passes but heroic battles are fought for freedom, in which the Poles play their part.



Looking at a war trophy: a German "Iron Cross" for the bombing of Warsaw.

THE FIRST BOMB OF WORLD WAR II

(Continued from page 3)

ing the city. The first bomb had fallen on a convent. The second landed in a street thronged with suburban farmers in wagons, taking their produce to the city at the crack of dawn. The "military objectives" that fell under their impact were praying women and peasants.

With lightning speed, fresh reports poured in: the Germans had bombarded Gdynia, Puck, Tczew, Bydgoszcz, Poznan, Warsaw, Lwow, Biala Podlaska.

Then came newsflashes from Silesia. German troops had crossed the frontier at a number of points and moved in wedges from Cieszyn, Rybnik, Lubliniec. The first attack occurred at 3 A.M. at Kochtowice and Nowa Wies. Both attacks were repulsed.

On the streets appeared the first refugees of the second World War. By car, by motorcycle, by the last suburban train, even on horseback and in carts they came. They had already seen the advancing German columns, they had witnessed the first battles on the very border, when Polish infantry and artillery had effectively resisted German tanks. The war was no longer a grim abstract vision of tomorrow—it had become the cold reality of today. This war was not declared by the German Minister of Foreign Af-

fairs, but by the brutal shriek of a bomb and the black column of smoke that, immediately after the explosion at 5.19 A.M. on September 1, 1939, rose from a defenseless and sleeping Polish city.

The bomb which fell on Katowice four years ago is of great historical symbolism. Its shriek resounded in a mighty echo, magnified a hundredfold over Dunkirk and London, rebounded from Greek cliffs and Yugoslav mountain passes, was caught by the waves of the Pacific and the sands of Libya. It was a total symbol of aggression, a pathetic overture to the battle of two worlds, the first act of an epochal drama.

We must not forget that this bomb fell on a Polish city. It fell because the people of this city belonged and still belong to a nation which out of the many ways of escape from Munich and post-Munich labyrinths then popular, chose the only one consistent with its tradition—the road of honor. The Polish nation is still treading this road, demanding but one reward for the battle, blood and hell of occupation: the frontiers within which it was attacked, and which were crossed from the West on September 1 and from the East on September 17—without a declaration of war.

POLAND — by BERNARD NEWMAN

(Continued from page 11)

destroy Polish culture they would attain their objective—the destruction of the Polish nation. Yet it survived incredible hardships for 150 years in the days of the Partitions: it will not be submerged now. The schools are closed, but Polish children are taught at home. Newspapers are suppressed, but underground journals flourish: I have already seen samples of twenty-two of these remarkable publications, fervent apostles of liberty; hundreds of others exist.

A deliberate policy of extermination is pursued: an impossible policy. Neither the mass murders, nor the years of semistarvation, nor the agonies of mind and body, can break the spirit of this remarkable people. As I write, Hitler has ruled over 20 million Poles for two years. All that time he has been trying to set up a puppet Polish government in his

Governor-Generalship. But in two years, out of 20 millions, he has not succeeded in finding a single Pole to serve under him.

Today the children of Poland play a new game. Horror and terror are now too familiar to terrify. Thousands of children have died: a hundred Boy Scouts were shot because they had dared to help their country. The new game is topical, as children's play always tends to be.

One group, with wooden rifles, forms the firing squad. Another—and there is great competition to belong to it—lines up by a wall to be shot. As the officer gives the command to fire, the children by the wall cry "Long Live Poland!" as they sink to the ground.

... We shall know whether we have really won the war by what happens to Poland.

TALES OF THE TATRAS

(Continued from page 7)

I'll go through the woods and the valleys, playing. I'll see to it that the old tunes aren't forgotten. When a boy sits by the sheep with his fiddle I'll play to him softly from behind a crag. When a girl sings by her cows in a mountain meadow, I'll help her. When the old highlandmen go to cut wood in the forest, I'll make sound in their ears the songs their fathers knew.

"And, if none be there, there'll be water in the torrents and frozen lakes, when the wind whistles over the ice. There'll be the forest—I shan't weary there or cry for heaven. . . . While I yet lived I often asked the Lord God to let me, after death, stay forever in the mountains. I want no other heaven, I wouldn't change the mountains for seven heavens."

"Well, then Zwyrtała, go! for you'd make us all highlandmen here in heaven. . . . And you won't feel wronged?"

But Zwyrtała raised his fiddle quite up to his head in salute.

"Where my heart is, is heaven," said he.

And he made his best bow and went out at heaven's gate, down the high road towards the earth—it was night. He went down the Milky Way, his fiddle under his arm, and

when he felt himself once more in freedom he cried aloud, "Hu! Ha!" and lifted his bow high and struck up:

*Come I from the mountains where the torrents leap—
Where the rain has bathed me, wind has rocked to sleep.*

*Krzywan, Krzywan, Krzywan, why art dreaming so?
Has the white snow clothed thee, doth thy wild wind blow?*

*Wild goats of the mountains, whither lies your way?
In the Feather Valley, there the wild goats stay.*

*Janitzek, Janitzek, thunder bears thy name.
Through a hundred valleys echoes loud thy fame.*

*'Tis no shame, a robber in a mountain race.
A robber sits in heaven, in the foremost place.*

And Zwyrtała went forward, down the Milky Way, singing as he went, till he reached the rocky paths in the peaks and on further, into the depths of the Tatra.

*The front page shows men of the
Polish Highland Brigade on parade.*

WHAT POLES DID FOR VICTORY IN MEDITERRANEAN

Here is Poland's contribution to the Allies' Mediterranean victory:

On land, in 1941 the Carpathian Brigade was sent to garrison the Mersamatruf region. At the end of August, the Brigade arrived in Tobruk where it took part with Australian and British units in a several months' defense against the Axis forces.

On December 12th, 1941, the Brigade left the fortress and took up position in the Gazala region, where it gained a glorious victory, taking prisoner 59 officers, 1,634 soldiers and a vast amount of equipment.

The Brigade remained in Gazala until January, 1942, when it moved to Bardia Mechili.

At sea, the Polish Navy took part in a number of successful operations. The efficiency of all our personnel made a valuable contribution to the landing operation in North Africa. The number of ships of the Polish Merchant Navy also played a glorious part in that theater.

In the air, already in 1940 Polish pilots were active in Africa, ferrying planes to Egypt. Polish Fighter Squadrons took part in the African 1943 campaign and also in the invasion operations in Sicily. During fighting in Tunisia, Polish pilots shot down 25 enemy planes certain, three probables, eight damaged.

FATE OF THOSE WHO PUT THEIR TRUST IN HITLER

Used by the Germans as executioners in Occupied Poland, Ukrainian and Lithuanian hirelings are now learning the fate of those who put their trust in Hitler.

Willing tools of the Germans, these traitors, who betrayed their own people, have discovered—too late!—that the Nazis waste little time with those who become a liability to them, no matter how well they may have tried to serve the German aims.

As defeat of Germany looms, and retribution at the hands of the ravaged Poles becomes increasingly certain, the Germans in Poland are busy ridding themselves of all witnesses to their crimes—including their Ukrainian and Lithuanian hirelings who took part in the killing of helpless Poles.

More than fifty of these were recently rounded up by the Germans at Chajnowka, in Eastern Poland, and placed before a firing squad, to silence forever any testimony they might give in Polish courts after the war.

POLISH LEADERS CABLE THEIR CONGRATULATIONS

ON the occasion of Italy's surrender, President Racziewicz sent the following message to President Roosevelt:

"At this historic hour in our struggle for liberty and justice in which American arms under the brilliant command of General Eisenhower, Chief in Command of the forces in the Mediterranean theater of war, are playing such glorious part, I hasten to offer to you, Mr. President, my warmest congratulations. The surrender of Fascist Italy opens a wide breach in the enemy's ranks and fills the cruelly oppressed peoples of Europe with renewed faith that the hour of their liberation is approaching."

President Racziewicz sent King George the following message:

"At this auspicious turning point of the war I feel I am expressing the sentiments of all my countrymen if I recall with admiration and gratitude the glorious exploits of Your Majesty's forces whose prowess and valour have done so much to bring about the unconditional surrender of one of the principal Axis powers. This historic event marks another milestone on the hard road to the liberation of the cruelly oppressed peoples in Europe, who will never forget the proud role played by the nations of the British Empire in delivering Europe from the barbarous tyranny."

Prime Minister Mikolajczyk sent Prime Minister Churchill the following message:

"Please accept my warmest congratulations on the great success of the allied arms and allied strategy in bringing about the unconditional surrender of Fascist Italy. In this historic moment our thoughts and our admiration go out to you. The free nations of Europe to whom this triumph of the Allies brings nearer the day of liberty will forever remember the inspiring part played by you in achieving this great feat."

Poland's Foreign Policy Outlined by Romer to National Council

(Continued from page 2)

effectively against any future repetition of such horrors.

"It is on this principle that we base our Polish claims which aim to strengthen that element of security in delimiting our German frontiers. I have little doubt that these claims will receive intelligent and favorable consideration in the interests of Poland's and Europe's future peace, but we realize that Germany will remain our western neighbor, whatever her government—a neighbor with a vast population and therefore potentially powerful.

"Persons of good will thinking only of the future peace and general happiness talk with growing insistence of schemes for reeducating post-Hitler Germany. Without denying that this idea has some justification, I must point out that history warns us against attempting to build our own security or world's peace on any such foundation. We make no claim for revenge, however human such a claim might be, but we demand full justice.

"The primary task of the United Nations is to achieve the final destruction of the German military power, not only in the interests of Polish security but to attain those aims for which we are all fighting.

"It is from this viewpoint that we must consider the events in Italy. Poles never entertained any hatred for the Italians, indeed they

felt respect and admiration for the part Italy played in the history of Western culture. But the new principles of Fascism which under the pretext of reestablishing authority threw on Italy's shoulders a share in the responsibility for Hitler's war, were entirely alien to Polish people.

Of the Atlantic Charter, Mr. Romer said: "A mere glance at this document should suffice to remove all chances of a misunderstanding regarding possible existence of two alternatives for the development of the political situation of Europe, one being the division of our continent into spheres of influence of the principal powers, the other one being the system under which Europe would form one entity under the joint guidance of all interested parties.

"We refuse to admit this choice of alternatives just as we have always refused to admit the possibility of ultimate defeat in this war.

"We regard the division of Europe into zones of influence as manifestly contrary to the Atlantic Charter, as well as to the principles for whose defence we are fighting, namely reestablishment of a truly democratic regime in international life. We consider that the present grouping of the United Nations now acting in cooperation—though that cooperation is not yet strictly defined in legal terms—should form the basis for a political organization of the post-war world."

POLAND WILL BE DEMOCRATIC SAYS PRESIDENT

President Racziewicz, commemorating four years of Polish resistance to Germany, made clear to the world the sacrifices of the Polish people, and promised that elections on a fully democratic basis would be held in Poland after the victory of the Allies.

At the same time Premier Mikolajczyk stressed the Polish-British alliance and called for the application of the principles of justice and freedom to Poland as "an indispensable factor of lasting peace in Europe."

Pointing out that all groups of the Polish population were united in the sufferings undergone at the hands of the Nazis, President Racziewicz declared that there could be no doubt that when liberated the Polish nation would choose a democratic form of government, with representation for all national groups.

The Polish President cited his country's alliance with Britain as well as Poland's traditional friendship with the United States, in expressing Poland's role in post-war Europe. "Poland will strive together with the Allied Countries to found a future peace on the right of every nation to freedom, and the organization of lasting ties among various groups of states united by common aims, interests and problems," Mr. Racziewicz declared.

"Poland is aware," he said, "that her fate will be the real test whether winning the war has meant winning the peace, not only for Poland but for Europe and, in the long run, the world. She awaits fulfillment of all her rightful human and state rights."

Describing the increasing barbarity of the Germans, the Polish leader noted that Poland was free of collaborationists with the Nazis. "We are the only nation in which no Quisling has arisen," he asserted. "In the heroic struggle which our whole nation is waging there is no doubt, compromise or smallness of soul."

Premier Mikolajczyk's statement paid tribute to Great Britain's faithfulness to her Polish ally at a time "when no treaty seemed sacred." In defying the Germans, he said, the Poles had been fully cognizant that the Nazi invasion was a question not only of borders but of ultimate defeat in this the Polish people.

President Grabski of the Polish National Council sent a message to the Speaker in the House of Commons requesting him to express the profound delight of the Polish Government and the Polish people at the victory of the Allied Nations in Italy.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS RESOLUTION

for the Sovereignty and Territorial Integrity of Poland

A RESOLUTION recommending that, during the month of September, the Councils of the Knights of Columbus join with other organizations in promoting public tribute "to the culture, the virtue, the valor and the steadfast and unbroken spirit of the Polish people," was adopted at the Supreme Council meeting, August 19, 1943. It reads:

"WHEREAS recent gratifying events portend the utter destruction of the armed forces of Germany, which under Hitler, with indescribable savagery and ruthlessness and without declaration of war, attacked Poland on the first day of September, nineteen hundred and thirty-nine, and

"WHEREAS the valiant armed forces of Poland, with the sublime fortitude of Christian soldiers whose forbears for a century and a quarter had suffered persecution under Prussian, Russian and Austrian military despots, resisted to the utmost the terrific onslaught of overwhelming Nazi hordes until the Vistula and the Warthe, with their tributaries, were crimsoned with the blood of a hundred battlefields, Warsaw reduced to rubble, its resolute Mayor holding his post until the survivors of the million and a half brave inhabitants of the city were utterly helpless, and the Polish nation itself partitioned between the German Reich and Soviet Russia, and

"WHEREAS the four years of enemy occupation have witnessed a bloody and relentless persecution of the people of Poland; two million five hundred thousand Poles murdered and five hundred thousand starved to death by the Nazis; two million Poles deported to Germany for forced labor; one million six hundred thousand driven from their homes in the western provinces of Poland and sent to the east; hundreds of thousands confined in concentration camps; the population reduced to human slavery; dissenters who disputed the Nazi philosophy of state absolutism and a 'master race' eliminated without mercy; more than a thousand towns and villages evacuated; three hundred and forty-eight villages burned; everything of value confiscated, including farms, factories, workshops, stores, and even household furniture and personal effects; seven dioceses under total 'persecution'; churches, colleges and high schools closed, and in some instances churches desecrated; members of religious orders banished; archbishops and bishops deported, imprisoned and, in some instances, put to death; thousands of priests and religious persons executed; other thousands thrown into concentration camps where large numbers of them died of maltreatment; and the civilian population, especially of the Jews, in many localities subjected to terrible 'blood baths,' and

"WHEREAS the final assault upon the German Reich by the armed forces of the Allied Nations has begun, and the craven Hitler, after four years of organized but unsuccessful effort to accomplish his avowed purpose of destroying Christianity and substituting an omni-

potent state for The Omnipotent God, turns forlornly to the Church for help, and appeals to Polish Catholic opinion for support against 'bolshevik atheism,' and

"WHEREAS the armed forces of the Polish Government-in-Exile, in conjunction with the armed forces of the other Allied Nations, press on to final victory, with the establishment of Peace with Justice throughout the world, a consummation devoutly prayed for by God-fearing people of every land, and an answer to the unceasing supplication of the Shepherd of Christendom, Pope Pius XII, that Almighty God in His Infinite Wisdom and Mercy will pardon the sins of the world, will save the people of Poland and of all other nations from further cruelties and sufferings of war, and will restore all things in Christ.

"NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus in Convention assembled in the City of Cleveland, Ohio, on this nineteenth day of August, nineteen hundred and forty-three, mindful that eighty thousand Knights of Columbus are serving in the armed forces of the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, recommends that during the month of September the twenty-four hundred and ninety-seven councils of the organization join with other organizations in promoting public exercises in commemoration of the murderous attack on Poland, at which the God of Nations shall be praised, and tribute paid to the culture, the virtue, the valor and the steadfast and unbroken spirit of the Polish people, and to the immense resolution and gallantry of the Polish Army, and be it further

"RESOLVED that the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus, speaking for the entire membership of the Order, hereby tenders to the people of Poland, and to the millions of men and women of Polish birth and descent in the United States and Canada, the homage of our affectionate regard and esteem, and the expression of our complete confidence in final victory and fulfillment of the obligation of recognition of the sovereignty and territorial integrity of Poland, and

"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that copies of this resolution be transmitted to the Secretary of State of the United States and to the Ambassador of the Government of Poland-in-Exile to the United States."